OXFORD MAN COMPLAINS OF THE AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, one of the greatest of patriots, established one hundred and seventy-nine scholarships at the University of Oxford, writes "An Oxford Man" in the "Daily Mail," England. These scholarships are divided among the United States of America, the Colonies, and Germany, the preponderance being given to America. His conviction was that "a good understanding between England, Germany, and the United States of America will secure the peace of the world, and educational relationships for the stronges tie."

His provisions as to the type of man who should be elected to these scholarships were sound and well thought out. The men were to be chosen not only for their literary and scholastic attainments, but also for their "fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship." In other words, Mr. Rhodes wished that the best men in the different countries should be awarded the advantages which he offered and, by their free intermingling with the undergraduates of Oxford, bring about the success of the scheme he had at heart.

Taking, But Not Giving.

It is a thousand pities that under existing conditions the spirit of the bequest is not complied with. Against the Colonials and Germans there is nothing to be said; they do associate with the rest of the undergraduates, and are with and of them. As regards the American, however, it is different. He does not entirely fulfil his part of the contract. He takes from Oxford everything that she has to give, and withholds from her anything that may be in his power to give in return. It would naturally seem that if the men selected by the executors came within in measurable distance even of the high standard set up in the bequest, that fact alone would have guaranteed the execution and success of Mr. Rhode's idea. Either, however, there are no men in America possessed of the various "qualities of manhood" quoted above or, once having succeeded in obtaining the scholarship, all idea of carrying out their obligations go by the board.

The American Rhodes scholar becomes an undergraduate of Oxford only in so far as the wearing of a cap and gown and the obtaining of athletic honors permit. For the rest, he keeps himself to himself and seeks to know nothing of his English surroundings and fellow-undergraduates, nor to impart any of the ideas and opinions of his own country for their discussion, approval, or disapproval. That the American scholar should be one of the Oxford undergraduates, should join in their social life, should make friends with them, should become, in fact, their brother during their three years at the university, was always the root idea of the bequest.

He does none of these things. By the foundation of the American Club in Oxford all possibility of his fulfilling these objects is destroyed, and from the first moment of his arrival till the time of his departure the American Rhodes scholar makes friends only with his compatriots.

Is it the Fault of Oxford?

It may be argued that this is Oxford's fault, that they who are on the ground make no advances to the stranger at their gates, that they remain cold, reserved, and unresponsive. This is not by any means the case. On the contrary, they go out of their way to make him feel at home, finding out in what he excels, cultivating it, and giving him the advantages of opportunity and encouragement.

In spite of this, the American does not make friends. Of course, this does not mean that there is open enmity, or even friction, between him and the Englishman. This is not implied for a moment; but, in fact, he never gets beyond a nodding acquaintance with him. After the first week in Oxford the words "British insularity" are murmured with an accompanying shrug of the shoulders, and the American retires into his shell—the club—where he reads American papers, discusses American politics, sings American songs, and might, indeed, just as well be back in America for all the good he does to himself or to Oxford.

The only point in which he carries out the spirit of the bequest is in the field of athletics. Here he shows himself to be thoroughly well at home, though sometimes in a manner which raises grave doubts in the English minds as to his comprehension of the word sportsmanship. But at least he is of use to Oxford, for his excellence gains him the coveted "Blue" and is of material assistance to Oxford in her friendly, though none the less determined, rivalry against the sister university.

It would have been reasonable to suppose that here was the opening through which he might to get to know and mix with the undergraduates, that by his association with them in athletics he would have arrived at an understanding of their minds and characters, have made friends with them and furthered the idea of the Rhodes bequest. It is not so however.

Cecil Rhode's bequest is therefore abused. The spirit of his wishes is disregarded. The American Rhodes scholar neither forms the strong tie of educational relationship with us nor, under existing conditions, will he ever bring about between England and the United States of America the good understanding which will secure the peace of the world.

BAN IS PUT ON HOBBLE SKIRTS

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—The hobble skirt, long coat and freakish hats and bonnets are to go, according to members of the National Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' Association, who are in annual session here.

"The end of the hobble skirt is near at hand," said J. P. Hoviand of Chicago, who was toastmaster of the banquet last night. "It is nothing but a fad, a passing fancy, and, worst of all, a freak that common decency should not stand for. For those who have followed the alleged fashion dictates in wearing this monstrosity we charge that they make the most of it, for the coming spring styles will show it to be going down and out.

"The spring style for 1911 will be an expansion of the present hobble—expanded enough to allow free and dignified use of the feet and limbs. As for the jacket, it will be shorter and not so like the man's long coat. The collar wil be larger."

HOW WE ALL TAKE IT.

A certain dramatic agent of New York told, at a tea at the Colony Club, a story both amusing and true.

"To grow old properly," he said, "is to grow old keeping the mind and the heart young. Few accomplish this feat, but all think they do so. That misconception prevents old age from being tragic.

"You all know Helen Dash. She is a great-grandmother now, but she was once a famous actress. She clung to the stage to the very last; she saw, year by year, her applause lessen, her salary decrease and her press notices shorten. Yet do you think that Helen Dash was unhappy? Not at all!

"Not at all. When, one night in her sixty-eighth year, Helen in a new role got, instead of tumultuous applause, cold silence and even a few venomous hisses, she took her contretemps calmly, and on the way home she said to her maid, a worn old woman like herself:

" 'I think I'll retire. Acting is thankless work nowadays. The public has aged so.' "

BETSY WAS RIGHT.

They were riding into town in a subway train, these two married men. One seemed occupied with his own thoughts, the other was engrossed in his copy of The Evening Piffle, from which he eventually glanced with a superior smile.

"I always read what Betsy Bumstuff has to say in her Twilight Twaddle column," he said. "She generally hits us off pretty well, but she isn't always right. Now, this evening she gets on the subject of elopements. She says elopements never turn out happily. I don't agree with her."

"I'm glad to hear you say it," exclaimed The Evening Piffleite. "I eloped with my wife, and I've been happy ever since."

"So have I, ever since some fellow eloped with mine," remarked the other. "Betsy Bumstuff is away off!"

A Paris fashion which is not so attractive and far more eccentric is the use of furs colored to suit the tint of the gown. This is pretty when they are those of brown and yellow, but absurd and ugly in maroon and red.